There's a royal banner given for display
Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
Let the O-ver land and sea, wher-ever man may dwell,
Make the When the glory dawns 'tis drawing ver-y near
It is

soldiers of the King; As an en-sign fair we
stand-ard be dis-played; And be-neath its folds, as
glo-rious tid-ings known; Of the crim-son ban-ner
has't'ning day by day; Then be-fore our King the

lift it up to-day, While as ransomed ones we sing.
soldiers of the Lord, For the truth be not dis-mayed.
now the story tell, While the Lord shall claim His own!
foe shall dis-appear, And the cross the world shall sway!

Marching on, marching on, For

Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss! And to crown Him King,

toil and sing 'Neath the banner of the cross!